

*Written for Festival at Odd Fellow's Hall,
at Brandon Feb. 22d, 1869, on the
Anniversary of Washington's
Birth Day.*

This natal day we celebrate,
The day that brought to light
A WASHINGTON—the Hero great,
We memorize to night:
Columbia's Daughters here decree,
The fitness of the hour,
And like a WASHINGTON agree,
To spurn a tyrants power.

Columbia's Sons stand firm and true,
Where battle fields are won,
Nor falter, but the march renew,
Even at set of sun:
Be cautious gallants; Cupid's darts,
Sometimes at random fly,
And wounded palpitating hearts,
Perchance are throbbing nigh.

Within these walls the festive throng
Thrice welcome—welcome they—
That cheer us with the gladsonic song,
To drive our cares away:
To music that no discord mars,
Gliding in sweet surprise,
Are graceful forms—*Columbia's Stars*,
Glancing with witching eyes.

Envy and strife no claims have here,
The guards will now with care, [fear]
The watchword give, there's naught to
For social feast prepare;
Long may the mem'ry of this day,
Awaken new delight,
As years roll on, and youth grown gray,
Has measur'd well time's flight.

All hail the day! all hearts be one;
To brighten memory's chain,
We meet in praise of WASHINGTON,
Prolong the glad refrain;
In reason should we all rejoice,
That from a tyrants' power,
The magic of our Chieftain's voice,
Made bright the darkest hour.